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The

Dr. W. H. Chandler jun 96

Lehigh

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ADVERTISEMENTS

THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

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For further information and for Register, address

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

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EDITORIAL.

THIS issue of THE BURR is several days late on account of the Thanksgiving holidays, the delay was unavoidable. The succeeding numbers will be issued on the days on which they are due.

IN looking over the file of THE BURR the following numbers are found missing: Vol. XIV, Nos. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21. The manager will be glad to buy them from any one having them and wishing to sell.

IT may possibly not be amiss to attempt to call the attention of the proper authorities to the poor manner in which the alcoves of the University Library are at present lighted. It is a great tax upon eyesight to read or seek for a book in these alcoves after dark, and now that the ratio of daylight and brightness to night and darkness is increasing it seems a most opportune time to make a much needed alteration and improvement. To the Senior, who has for one short year the privilege of access to the alcoves, the one great drawback to his search for knowledge is that it must be obtained at the partial sacrifice of his eyesight. The amount of draughting and laboratory work which we are compelled to do here is not conducive to a keen vision, and the director of the library or any one else who may allow the question of better lights to occupy their attention, will confer a great benefit upon, and will

receive sincere if silent expressions of gratitude from the undergraduates.

THE question is often asked, "What becomes of the honor men of the graduation classes of our colleges?" Do they become the heads of great industries? Do they lead other men in after life as they did in the classroom?

Opinion is divided on this point. In some engineering establishments there is a standing offer of positions for the first three or four men in the graduating class of certain colleges, while on the other hand many engineers have been heard to say, that they would not have under them a man who had lead his class in college.

However, it is safe to say that the men who apparently are the most promising at college, often sink into obscurity in mature life. The man who leads his class at college, in most of the engineering colleges, does so only by hard conscientious study. He has no time for anything but work, he abandons reading, friends—everything for his books; he sacrifices every enjoyment in life as well as health and eyesight, for what? For marks, miserable deceiving marks, that are no more an index of the man's ability than the size of his shoe. Not that study is not a good thing. It is an invaluable training for the mind. It is one of the objects of a college course—but not the sole object.

Perhaps some may say of the college "fiend," for he is the man we describe, "Oh, he is ambitious and deserves a great deal of credit." But is ambition always commendable? Is selfishness an admirable quality? Yet, who is the hero in a dream excited by ambition?

While the "fiend" is pursuing his path to knowledge he forgets that he is making it narrow—that he has duties to fulfill toward his college and his fellow students. None of that broadening influence which arises from the intercourse of man with man has an opportunity to exercise itself upon him. His life is branded by the covers of his text-books. So in after life when called upon to solve the many problems that beset him, hampered by his narrow view, he fails, not because he was not grounded in principles, but because the true solution lies without the field of his contracted mental horizon.

ALTHOUGH feeling that an apology is already due the readers of THE BURR for the way we have inflicted them with the Lehigh-Lafayette controversy, and though it is certainly high time that this discreditable subject be dropped, we can not forbear expressing our delight over the three columns, by Caspar Whitney, in *Harpers' Weekly* of Dec. 5, and we are certainly deeply indebted to Mr. Whitney for his careful investigation of the subject.

For the benefit of some who may fail to see the article alluded to, we beg leave to quote as follows:

"I have gone into the matter pretty thoroughly, first, because it is typical of the character of disputes that are continuously arising,

and will continue to arise so long as "summer" nine-playing is permitted college under-graduates; and second, because the facts have been submitted to me by both Lehigh and Lafayette, with the request for an expression of opinion. In my judgment, based on the evidence before me, Lehigh was fully justified in protesting Barclay, and of subsequently cancelling the game with Lafayette when the latter insisted on playing him. * * * * "What other expenses" an amateur could legitimately incur beyond transportation and board, I cannot imagine. Barclay itemizes mask, gloves and protector in his statement, and we credit his claim, although it is usual with clubs to furnish such necessary equipment to their players. But this would still leave sixty-five dollars for "other expenses," for which we can conceive no need in the legitimate requirements of an amateur.

"The Chambersburg manager's telegram furthermore does not satisfactorily quiet the suspicion created by Barclay's receipts for money as an "advance" or "for salary." It scarcely seems likely that a man would receipt as due on salary the reimbursements of legitimate expense-money he had used. We may be excused if we err in assuming a college man to have too clear an understanding of his mother-tongue to make such a blunder.

"If Barclay is the victim of circumstances, it is unfortunate, but all the testimony submitted and disputed on to no material issue, points to an unwavering conclusion that Lehigh's claim of his having received money over and above the legitimate expenses of an amateur is entirely justifiable and tenable."

WHEREFORE.

Why was this written? Does this stanza tell
A startling truth, a new found thought
That flashed across the brain unsought?
No, 'twas not thus inspired—I might as well
Confess, naught prompted it, O, doubting sage!
'Twas writ to fill a blank space on this page.

—*Tennessee University Magazine.*

AN ETCHING.

THE sun has set, the spirit of a summer's night is over all, and the world seems hushed and silent ere night takes up its reign.

A lonely man upon a low rail fence, and at his feet a grave covered with violets. The battered hat pulled down, the old brown coat faded and frayed, the blue overalls and the dusty boots seem to give a tone to the silent figure, and make the appearance an attractive one, for poverty is often a badge of honor and the richest heart beats beneath the poorest coat.

His chin rests upon the end of a hoe handle about which his great sunburnt hands are clasped, while memory wanders at will far

back into the past. Thought follows thought, then a tear steals out upon the brown cheek and is dashed away by a browner hand.

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of angels,"

The lamps are lighted in the little cottage, the crickets chirp, the tree-frogs begin their chorus. From the neighboring swamp the whip-poor-will cries plaintively to his mate, while from the hills comes the echo of the hoot-owl's melancholy note. The moon struggling through a mass of clouds comes slowly up from behind the great black mountain and sheds light into the narrow valley.

"THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM."

A LOVER was once through a wide open door
Ejected out into the night,
Though a boot just did graze him,
It didn't half "phase" him.
(Golf trousers are just out of sight.)

AT LAST.

I 'VE been so mixed about colleges,
I hardly knew what to do;
But now I've gotten this much straight,
Yale's color, I swear, is blue.

THE BEST.

I asked a poet once what single word
His soul did prize all others above.
A far-off look came to his dreamy eyes,
As, with a sigh, he softly answered "Love."

I put the question to a student gay,
He smiled and said, "In pencil it is writ
Along the margin of some dreary page;
It is the goodly word 'Omit.'" —*Ex.*

MOONRISE.

I stood alone before a lonely main,
While slow the half moon, red for tardy shame,
Rose on the midnight hour. And now the scene
Did change: the blackened imps of Hecate's train,
That haunt each cave and crannied cliff dissolve,
And many a fancied terror in that light,
My soul insure for fear now feels a sweet,
A soothing pleasure in the water's roll.

—*Brunonian.*



THE GOSSIP.

THE Gossip has often wondered why all of us, as we plod on our weary way toward the coveted sheepskin, should be hindered in our progress by a certain series of lectures, which are too short to get a comfortable sleep in, and too long, oh! much too long, for a man to enjoy life in. We have many troubles of our own: mathematics, essays, English, all weigh us down. Why can not we urge upon the Faculty the resemblance between the lectures and the water in Mrs. McGinnis' whiskey?

Mrs. McGinnis went to call on Mrs. McCarthy, and after she had told Mrs. McCarthy all her troubles with her "ould man," Mrs. McCarthy asked her to have some whiskey.

"Shure, Mrs. McCarthy, and Oi'll be delighted to have some whiskey."

"And will yez have wather in your whiskey?"

"Oh, Mrs. McCarthy, hovent Oi got enough troubles in this worruld anyhow, without hav'n wather in me whiskey?"

* * *

The Gossip has lately discovered, with much regret, that a number of his friends, apparently sound mentally and physically, are suffering from the effects of what must be called, in the absence of a better term, the big-word-mania, and some of them are afflicted with this awful, awful disease in its most malignant form.

The attacks occur with remarkable frequency, and their approach is signaled by a hesitating manner, a far-away look in the eyes, and absolute immobility of the facial muscles. This lasts but a few seconds, then comes the deluge, the muscles relax, the eyes assume their accustomed appearance, and long sentences of sesquipedalian words flow forth with

alarming rapidity. These attacks are usually followed by a relapse into our beautiful and euphonic South Bethlehem Dutch idioms.

If some kind friend who is interested in scientific research would take up this matter and find an antidote for this mania, which is spoiling some of our best men, and is so trying to their friends, he would confer a great favor on mankind in general and The Gossip in particular.

* * *

There is another matter which is keeping The Gossip awake at night. As nearly as can be judged from appearances, the head of the weather department is away on a vacation, and the office boy is running the machine. If he will kindly return and make up his mind as to what he is going to do, and then do it, and not keep every one on the jump from duck pants to storm coats, The Gossip will be greatly obliged. (Washington papers please copy.)

* * *

The Gossip was in a bad humor coming up in the train the other day, a most unusual state of affairs for this naturally quiet personage, but very sad to say, such was the case. The seat alongside of him was unoccupied, but was soon filled with a none too good looking "Pennsylvania Dutchman," who insisted on talking. The Gossip, having good manners instilled into him when a child, was loath to be rude, so grudgingly entered into conversation. The untiring talker, seeing "South Bethlehem" on The Gossip's ticket, quickly came to the conclusion that he must be a "Lehigh schtudent," and accordingly commenced to question him upon the recent Lehigh-Lafayette trouble. Now The Gossip prided himself

upon knowing all the particulars about this trouble, and carefully gave the Dutchman a very lucid description of Lafayette's team, and dwelt particularly upon the difference between a professional and an amateur. Then feeling, with justifiable pride, that he had made quite an impression, leaned back in his seat, expecting to hear his friend wax eloquent upon Lafayette's sins and Lehigh's good work. Imagine his surprise, and anger, when his friend came out with, "Vell, I don't see vy de Lehigh's don't pay some von to play for dem too."

Just here the conductor called "Bethlehem and South Bethlehem," otherwise there would have been a dead Dutchman on that train.

* * *

THE Gossip hears a great many things, but experience has taught him to follow the example of Doubting Thomas, and hence, many a good story falls upon his unbelieving ears like water upon a duck's back.

The loss of confidence in what he hears has made The Gossip doubly sure of what he sees; this implicit confidence in his organs of vision being shaken only when he watches a Hermann or a Kellar—oh, yes, there is one other time—when he sees two moons cavorting across the midnight sky like kites in a fickle wind.

Some years ago The Gossip was working within a few rods of a blast furnace. Hearing a cry, The Gossip raised his eyes and saw an iron bar of some sixteen feet in length, and with a diameter of perhaps an inch and a half, falling from the cupola of the furnace. The height of the cupola was over one hundred and thirty feet—great enough to allow ample time for the negroes working at its foot, to disperse before the bar should reach them. But one unfortunate wretch was struck upon the head. His scalp was torn and little whisks of black curly wool were detached, but the African's skull remained as sound as a new billiard ball.

Another time The Gossip was down on a wharf watching some negroes unloading water-melons, they were passing them from one to another, and from time to time one of them would fail to catch one—apparently accidentally. The accident being immediately followed by the removal of the debris; the unfortunate one who fumbled the melon being generously assisted by his companions.

The "boss," a white man, who had charge of the work, believed that this carelessness should stop; accordingly with that end in view he quietly took a large watermelon with him and ascended to the deck, which was fifteen feet or so above the heads of the party below. As soon as the next melon slipped and fell, he projected his watermelon upon the head of the offender with the very commendable purpose of crushing in his forehead, or breaking his medulla-oblongata; the melon struck its mark and breaking into pieces fell upon the wharf. The negro rubbed his head, his face wore a pained expression for an instant, and then he fell to, and assisted his comrades in removing the debris as before. So he turned to good practical use, an article which would have been an instrument to his death.

Having been an eye-witness to the above, The Gossip was just a little sceptical when he heard that on Tuesday night, a negro janitor of this place was overcome by being struck with a sandbag on the head.

The statement is absurd on the face of it. It is possible that a negro can be hurt by hitting him upon the head—that is, a bump may be raised there, but the injury is entirely local and never extends through the half inch of skull to the brain. Theories have been advanced in explanation of the extraordinary fact, the most plausible being that the crisp woolly curls that surmount the negro, act like so many sofa springs and gently absorb the force of the blow.

But still the fact remains that this negro on Tuesday night did succumb to a blow from a

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sandbag, somewhere upon the upper part of the body—upon his head? ridiculous! The only rational conclusion is that the victim was struck with considerable force upon his

Adam's apple; a close examination would probably show that some of its skin was peeled off.

 THAT LITTLE HAND.

(From the Italian.)

That little hand, snow-white and thin,

That little hand, so weak and small—

Yet amorous poet that I've been—

It swayed me with its beck and call.

And that—remember?—as a lover bold,

You gained from me 'mid playful strife—

Blush-ting'd—the stanzas true and old,

Those flying leaflets of my life.

Alone with thee was I those days,

Came then another of repute,

And fierce I turned on him my gaze,

Leap'd up my heart—my lips were mute.

Thro' him, my inmost soul inspired—

Tho' sweet his voice above all peers—

E'er looked to thee, and thee admired,

Who would not share his timid fears.

—*Brunonian.*

 FOOT-BALL.

MARYLAND A. C. O; LEHIGH 26.

LEHIGH played the best game of the season in Baltimore, Thanksgiving Day, the Maryland A. C. being beaten by the above score. The game put up by the 'Varsity was an extremely good article of foot-ball. The men played from start to finish with the same dash, showing by far the best form of the season. Only towards the close of the game were the M. A. C. backs able to gain ground, and it looked at one time as if they might score. The half, however, ended before they could cross Lehigh's line. Lehigh won the toss, M. A. C. having possession of the ball. At 3:15 Parmly kicked off, Holderness getting the ball on the 15-yard line. After 2 minutes of play White scored the first touchdown. Fugitt kicking the goal. Score, Lehigh 6, M. A. C. o. Parmly again kicked off and White carried the ball back twenty yards. He was forced to re-

tire, Fugitt taking his place at half, Horner going in at tackle. After losing the ball twice, Van Duyne crossed the line for the second touchdown, Fugitt failing to kick goal. Score, Lehigh 10, M. A. C. o. Parmly next added 2 to Lehigh's score, being forced to make a safety. The last touchdown of the first half was made by Fugitt and he again failed to kick goal. Score, Lehigh 16, M. A. C. o.

After the intermission Fugitt kicked off, Harrison catching on M. A. C.'s 15-yard line. They gradually worked the ball to mid-field only to lose it on a fumble, Mason falling on it. Van Duyne soon after made a touchdown which Fugitt failed to convert into a goal. Score, Lehigh 22, M. A. C. o.

The last touchdown was scored by Senior a short time before time was called. The final score being Lehigh 26, M. A. C. o.

The line-up of the teams follows:—

M. A. C.	POSITIONS.	LEHIGH.
Brays,	left end,	Brady
Connors,	left tackle,	{ Fugitt { Hornor
Owings, } Marshall, }	left guard,	Senior
Jones,	center,	McCarthy
Ford,	right guard,	Becerra
Parmly,	right tackle,	Gunsolus
Parr,	right end,	Mason
Gordrich,	quarter,	Gass
Harrison, } Thomas, }	left half,	{ White { Fugitt
White,	right half,	Van Duyne
Suthardt, } Thomas, }	full-back,	Holderness
Poe,		

Touchdowns, White, Van Duyne (2), Fugitt, Senior.
Goals from touchdowns, Fugitt (2). Safety, Parmly.

Referee, Dudley Riggs, Princeton; umpire, C. Barnard, Lehigh; linesmen, Chamberlain, Lehigh; Helb, M. A. C. Length of halves, thirty and twenty-five minutes.

CADETS 24; LEHIGH 10.

AS usual our team met that of the Naval Cadets and the game resulted in the above score. The fumbles on both sides were numerous and inexcusable, and spoiled what might have been an interesting game. In the second half the ball was changed and the play improved decidedly.

Lehigh's team work both defensive and offensive was much weaker than that of the Cadets, the poor showing of the team being due in a great measure to the fact that several of the men were crippled.

The Cadets played a quick snappy game and they frequently broke through the line stopping Lehigh's play. Their play would possibly have been even stronger had Henderson their regular full-back been playing.

At the end of first half the score was, 10-10. For the Cadets Powell having carried the ball over the line for two touchdowns from one of which a goal was kicked, while Gass on a fumble carried the ball over, Fugitt kicking the goal and Van Duyne after a fine run of sixty yards scored the second touchdown for Lehigh.

In the second half the Cadets played a stronger game and succeeded in rolling up fourteen points more before the game ended.

Van Duyne and Brady put up the strongest game for Lehigh, while Fisher, Richardson and Powell did the best work for the Cadets.

The line-up was as follows:

CADETS.	POSITIONS.	LEHIGH.
McCarthy,	left end,	Brady
Graham,	left tackle,	Fugitt
Halligan,	left guard,	Senior
Tardy,	center,	{ McCarthy { Johnson
Fisher,	right guard,	Becerra
Landis,	right tackle,	Gunsolus
Shea,	right end,	Mason
Esserson,	quarter,	Gass
Powell (Capt.),	left half,	White
Richardson,	right half,	Van Duyne
Wood,	full-back,	Holderness

Referee, Mr. Iglehart; umpire, Mr. Dashiell; linesmen, Messrs. Grant and Lamar. Time, two thirty-minute halves.

Touchdowns, Richardson, Powell (2), Landis, Shea, Van Duyne, Gass. Goals, McCarthy (3), Fugitt.

MEMORIES.

Sweet are the perfumes of memories fond,
Treasured in caskets of pearl and gold,
Dearer than all of the future's bright hopes,
Rarer than jewels the world may hold.

Gently their incense steals over my heart,
Bringing before me the golden past
Veiling in fleeting and shadowy mist
Hopes that the future may foil or blast.

Glimpses of meadows aglow in the sun,
Sweet with the scent of new mown hay,
Breezes soft sighing 'mid murmuring leaves
Blend in the hush of the still noon-day.

Low bend the trees o'er the homestead's low roof,
Nestling in place 'neath their pleasant shade,
Oh! for one moment to stand and look,
While on the hill-top the golden beams fade.

Often e'en now I dream of the past,
Longing to live those days over once more,
Gently their incense is wafted away,
Perfume of things that we well loved of yore.

—Brunonian.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Table regrets exceedingly that the editors of *The Lafayette* have lost their tempers over the contents of the last issue of THE BURR, and have most foolishly displayed their spleen in denouncing THE BURR and its department editors, both editorially and in verse. The unquestionable merit of the latter beggars description. The Table, according to our esteemed contemporary, is a "penny-a-line-man," and the editor's specialties are to "recount thread-bare almanac jokes," and to "rehash slush dipped from *The Bethlehem Times*." Thanks, awfully, but pray where do you derive your supply of the above-mentioned viscid fluid *Lafayette*, and your graceful and delicate form of expression? As to the penny-a-line business, The Table absolutely denies the allegation. Lafayette may thus encourage professionalism, but Lehigh adheres strictly to *amateurism*, even in "rehashing slush."

In another column of *The Lafayette* there is an account of a meeting of the students at which a motion was passed that Lehigh's "name be stricken from the list of institutions with which Lafayette students are required to play before receiving the "L." On a parallel with this motion, and further evidencing the wisdom, tact, and good common sense that has lately emanated from that institution whose name is a synonym for amateur athletics and good manners, is a "timely motion to the effect that the customary greeting, with horns and bells, of all strangers, especially ladies, whenever they appear on the campus be abolished." Yes, Lafayette, two good "timely motions," both presenting to the college-world your true spirit and reputation.

If there was wanting one thing more to add to Lafayette's show of common sense and refinement in this controversy it was filled by the extremely dignified letter written by one of her professors to *The Brown and White*. If there was one more word necessary to make Lehigh

satisfied and confident of the light in which she would appear to any fair-minded, impartial, and calm observer who may have followed this little intercollegiate dispute—which, by the way, we frankly admit is most discreditable to both colleges—it was the graceful and dignified letter of Lafayette's professor. When a member of a college faculty gleefully seizes the opportunity to write a sarcastic and vilifying letter to the newspaper of a rival college in regard to an athletic misunderstanding, then it seems to The Table to be high time for all ordinary mortals, who are devoid of discretion and tact, to drop the subject in all its glory. For this reason The Table hereby resigns the subject of the Lehigh-Lafayette quarrel.

* * *

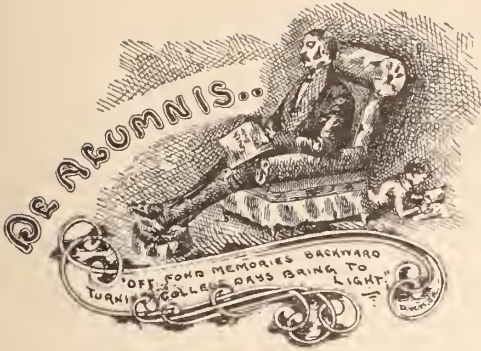
The Table offers most sincere apologies to other exchange, editors and to any one else who may ever read this column, for so allowing the spirit of partisanship in intercollegiate controversies to receive so much attention.

WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW.

The waves reach lovingly out to the sands
 When the tide is low;
 Gentle the touch of their tremulous hands,
 As they restlessly ebb and flow.
 Full many a shell whose rainbow hue
 Is softened and toned by the ocean's blue,
 Do they bring to the wanderer's raptured view
 When the tide is low.

And the old, old mem'ries, they beckon to me
 When the tide is low,
 As my bark glides over the evening sea,
 And the winds of the haven blow;
 But *one* sweet, fond voice from the clust'ring
 throng,
 Unvexed, unmoved by my sin and wrong
 Calls back to me like an angel's song
 When the tide of life is low.

—*Univ. of Vermont Cynic.*



—E. H. Sigison, '95, who lately passed highest in the civil service examination has been appointed inspector of lamps in the city of Buffalo.

—H. F. Russell, '96, is with Walbridge & Company, a large hardware firm in Buffalo.

—C. D. Richmond is the junior member of the firm of Fritz & Richmond, coal dealers, in Chattanooga.

—H. C. Quigley, '95, is manager for the State of Ohio for the Prudential Life Insurance Co.

—C. H. Vansant, '95, is Assistant Engineer to J. R. Franklin, of Newark, N. J.

—A. S. Clift, '95, is Draughtsman for the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y.

—E. G. Steinmetz, '95, is with the Electric Storage Battery Company, of Philadelphia.

—W. F. Hutchins, '96, is with the Wyoming Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Dunmore, Pa.

—John S. Heilig, '91, was married to Miss Mabel Patton, of Baltimore, Md., early this fall.

—Frederick W. McCall, '90, was recently elected to the board of supervisors from his district in the city of Binghamton, N. Y.

—John M. Beaumont, '92, is Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools, of Scranton, Pa.

—W. R. Okeson, '95, is with the South Penn Oil Co., at Mannington, W. Va.

—G. W. Beggs, '95, is connected, in bridge work, with the Hartford Bridge Company, of Hartford, Conn.

—R. P. Howell, '96, is in Indian Territory with a United States Geodetic Survey Corps.

—Frank Faust, '94, has recently spent a few days with friends in Bethlehem.

—I. M. Higbee, '95, is engaged in the construction of the extensive new city water works of Caracas, Venezuela.

—W. S. Merrill, '94, is a promising lawyer in Los Angeles, California.

—A. D. Morris, '94, is with one of the leading contracting firms of New Jersey, and has control of a considerable number of men.

—C. B. Jacobs, '94, is a chemist for the General Electric Company, of Schenectady, N. Y.

—T. G. Hamilton, '95, is electric engineer for the Citizens' Traction Company of Pittsburgh.

—Henry Lefevre, '92, is gold mining in Panama, Republic of Columbia, South America.

—Mora, '96, is in The Lehigh Valley Machine Shops, at South Easton.

—A. G. Galan, '95, is on a surveying corps in Coahuila, Mexico.

—E. A. Giberga, '95, is chief engineer of some large machine works in Cuba.

—G. Lopez de Lara, '86, is employed at the Ferrena de Fula, Guadalajara, Julesco, Mexico.

—The officers of the Lehigh Club, of Washington, D. C., are: President, Felix Freyhold, '85; Vice-Presidents, A. Doolittle, '87, and R. P. Barnard, '89; Secretary and Treasurer, Ralph W. Lee, 606 14th Street, Washington, D. C.

—Lester H. Ely, '92, is with Coxie Bros. & Co., of New York.

CLIPPINGS.

A SEA SPHINX.

[Cape Ann.]

Silently she looks out on the desert sea
 Where the white caravans go creeping by,—
 Star-led across a waste of starless sky,—
 The merchant Arabs of the ocean free!
 Inscrutable her stony features be;
 Her granite lips inflexible defy
 All questioners; and in each hollow eye
 Hovers a shadow and a mystery.
 Old Ocean's secret centuries ago
 She learned from the innumerable lips
 That sang unconscious of a listener.
 Henceforth, forever, it is hers to know
 The predetermined destinies of ships,
 The joy or doom of every voyager!

—*Bachelor of Arts.*

THE CITY LIGHTS.

In the evening I sit on the terrace,
 While, twinkling below me, I see,
 I see the myriad lights of the city,
 Each telling its story to me.
 They tell me of joy and of revel,
 They blaze on the dance's swift race;
 They smile upon love, and on loved ones,
 But frown upon sin's painted face.
 They tell me of sickness and sorrow,
 They whisper of pain's labored breath;
 And there, the faint beam from a candle
 Shines soft in the presence of death.
 And I smile as I read each new message
 The twinkling lights signal to me,
 For who could be sad or be lonely
 In the presence of such company?

—*Brunonian.*

ET TU.

The low sea-sobbing broke upon the night,
 The wind crept by with gentle, weary moan,
 As on the shifting sand I sat alone,
 And with a strange and wondering delight,
 Gazed upward on the myriad orbs of light.
 Far, far away in space their splendor shone,
 Undimmed by Time, who leaves the ages strewn
 With wreck; but they cared nothing for his flight.
 Then, o'er my helpless, trembling soul was hurled
 A mighty wave of doubt and hopeless fear;
 "The worlds are God's, what can he care for me,
 For me, an atom on a phantom world?"
 Then to my soul a voice spoke sweet and clear,
 "The hand that guides the stars, guides also thee."
 —*W. G. Terry, in Davidson Monthly.*

VERLAINE.

Feaster upon moods and trances,
 The fine frenzy, the fine line,
 Thou mayest sing of kisses, dances,
 And the ruddy gleam of wine,
 In a life of lost romances,
 By an empty plate or stein.
 While outside thy slatless shutter
 Shivers in the cutting rain;
 While the gurglings of the gutter
 Spray thy cob-webbed window-pane;
 Fancy flies where heat-mists flutter
 In the sunny South of Spain.
 —*Trinity Tablet.*

DON'T YOU WISH YOU KNEW?

Glancing in the moonlight,
 Gliding in the dark,
 Down the river slowly,
 Floats our dainty bark.
 Sweetly sound two voices,
 Shadows hide the view;
 Heard the rushes something?
 Don't you wish you knew?
 Gently sigh the zephyrs,
 Shine the stars above,
 Eyes of brighter lustre,
 Speak of lasting love.
 Quickly pass the hours,
 Glides the bark canoe;
 Heard the rushes something?
 Don't you wish you knew?

—*Brunonian.*

BEFORE AND AFTER.

The light of the moon fell softly,
 And kissed her forehead fair,
 And the summer breeze moved lightly
 Her wreath of golden hair.
 My heart she captured quickly
 With her sparkling eyes of blue,
 So I swore I loved her dearly,
 For what more could I do?
 Now summer changed to winter,
 Then summer came once more,
 And we sat again in the moonlight
 Just as we did before.
 But we were now united,
 Our honeymoon was through,
 So I slumbered in the moonlight,
 For what more could I do?

—*Brunonian.*

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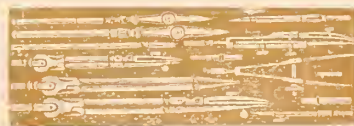
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